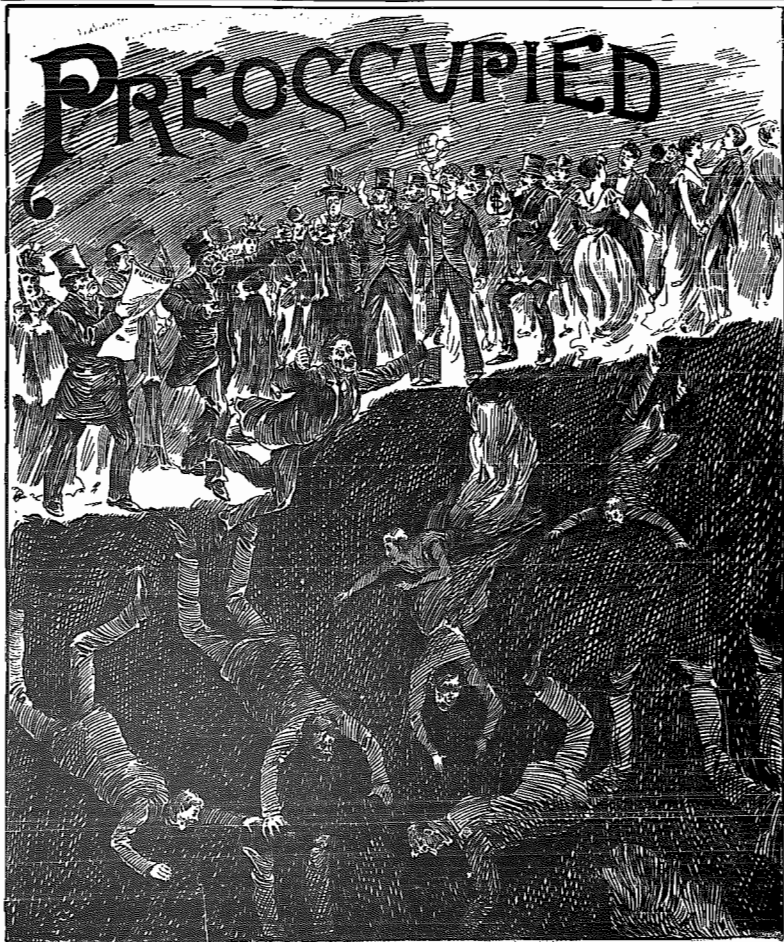


WAR CRY



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(For Article see Page 4.)

CALGARY

Corps History.

Small, but flourishing—Fort Calgary—its
Citizens—Army Advent—Great Popu-
larity—Trials—Barracks Short-
Some of its Soldiers—Dis-
tinguished Visitors—Caters
for Music—Bright
Prospects.

The flourishing and progressive town of
Calgary, the Capital of the Territory of
Alberta, is not a very old corporation, and
though almost unmatchable growth, it
exhibits with its handsome stone blocks,
electric light, telephone, and other solid
advantages, all the characteristics of far older
towns.

Twenty years ago, the Red Indian, with
his square, tapers and cap, and the ad-
venturous free trader, were the only human
inhabitants of the vast rolling prairie,
which surrounded what is now the largest
town in Manitoba or the Territories east
of Winnipeg, which lie distant 600
miles to the East.

Some of the oldest settlers can recall the
time when the whole plain, as far as the
eye could reach, was black with countless
buffalo. But they are all gone, and now
the iron horse of the Canadian Pacific
Railway carries the travellers and merchandise
of the two hemispheres across the
wide and grassy prairie, where

The Fierce Bison Used to Roam:

and the electric lamps of street and store
flash and gleam, where once the moon-
beams and starlight alone lit up the silent
plains and flowing river.

In the year 1875, the North-West
Mounted Police established a fort here and
called it Fort Calgary; and in 1881, the
trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Com-
pany, and the American firm of I. G.
Baker & Co. were almost the only occu-
pations of the land between the Bow and
Elbow Rivers, which now form the natural
boundary of a town of over 4,000 souls.
The Indian (Crow) name of the place is
"Toqua-nah," meaning the elbow.

Only sixty miles to the West lie the
Rocky Mountains, and in clear weather
their hundreds of snow-capped peaks can
be seen towering up to meet the sky,
summitting one of the most stupendous
scenery in the world.

"As the mountains are round about
Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about His
people from henceforth even for ever."

Like all Western towns, the population
of Calgary is of a most curious mix-
ture. "All sorts and conditions of men,"
representatives of almost every
nationality, color, and creed, find their way
here;

"The Almighty Dollar,"

to earn it, or invest it, being the chief
attraction.

Let us stand a few minutes and watch
some of these pass.

There the hawk trotter, with spotted two-
inch collar, walking-stick, cigarette, in-
terpreter, and other appendages, rattle about
with the painted and moccasined Red
Indian, with his square, papoose, and dogs,
whose blanket is often like Joseph's coat,
"of many colors."

The sturdy "nose-back" from Bruce howls
down the street corner with the typical
cow-puncher in wide-brimmed hat, leather
chaps, six-shooter, high-heeled boots,
and immense jingling spurs, and the red-
coated Salvationist shares the sidewalk
with the yellow, almond-eyed Chinaman,
which surrounds what is now the largest
town in Manitoba or the Territories east
of Winnipeg, which lie distant 600
miles to the East.

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"Toqua-nah," meaning the elbow.

The hallooah! leave mentioned were
Capt. Mercer, Lieut. Patterson and Cadet
Fennell. Capt. Mercer is now dead. Lieut.
Patterson, whose sickness compelled to
leave the field, is now Mrs. Barker, our
present treasurer's wife, and a staunch
soldier of the Cross and of the S. A.

The Army was at first immensely popu-
lar. In the open-air the streets would be
fairly blocked with listeners, and the indoor
meetings were crowded. The people gave
freely in the collections, and the officers
waited for nothing. Did they need any
article of furniture for the quarters? Why,
they only had to mention it in the meeting
and it would be sent to their door next
day.

Among those who professed conversion
under the first officers were Harry Richards,
our present color sergeant; Secretary Goo-
ding, and Bro. Barker, who is now our
treasurer.

A hard case and heavy drinker was Tom
Hodway, but he found pardon and power,
brought the drum for some years in Calgary
corps, and is now a soldier in one of the
Pacific Coast corps.

The Cav sides in Capt. Mercer's time ran
up to 400.

Capt. Stapin, Lieut. Dinwiddie, and
Cadet Shelly followed, and carried on the
work, though in the teeth of difficulties and
loss of confidence, brought on by some un-
familiarities.

Capt. Deacon, joined shortly after by Capt.
Gowrie, did some real hard fighting, the
corps having gone down.

Captain and Mrs. Harrison followed, and
did their duty. Such power was there with
his words that the people were almost
afraid to come to the meetings.

They were succeeded by Capt. Will, a
"good Scotch lad," and Lieut. Fraser.
During their stay the Boynton Hall, which
up till then had been

our barracks, was burnt,
and the work was somewhat impeded by
the smallness of the only building avail-
able.

Capt. Richardson, Lieut. Gurney and
Cadet O'Neill followed. The two other
officers being sent elsewhere the Cadet was
left alone, and did some hard fighting, as
the corps was at a low ebb; but, praise
God, he held on, did his duty, proved true,
and is now Capt. O'Neill, of Edmonton,
Manitoba.

Mrs. Brown, now our Rescue Sergeant,
did good service at this time, being almost
the only woman soldier in the corps.

Bro. Jackson, now Serg. Major, was
converted during Cadet O'Neill's day.



CAPT. MILLER.

the corps in debt, and the confidence of
the people shaken.

After less than a year's stay, by dint of
strong faith and hard work well mixed, and
by steady visiting, she left the corps in a
fourth condition, barracks enlarged,
platform full of soldiers, crowded meeting,
and debt almost extinct. When the people
would not, came into the hall, she would
take a chair into the open-air, and using
it as a platform, she would talk to the people
of their spiritual state.

Some beautiful cases of conversion took
place during her stay, and her power over
an unruly audience was remarkable.

A hard drinker, a hard case, a hard
fighter, and yet a hard worker, was Bro.
man Edward Frost, better known as
"Taddy." He was the ring-leader in all
kinds of mischief, always ready for a row,
and well able to hold his own; as he him-
self would say, "If a man didn't like my
style, he knew what to do."

But, praise God, Taddy is fighting in
Jesus now, fighting to win others from the
depths of sin he once was in.

"Sally" Moore was another trophy
of grace. The writer remembers coming
over in the mass steamer with him from
Liverpool, England.

He used to drink and gamble down his
life in the office. When we reached
Winnipeg, he

"Blew in His Pipe,"
and when the time he should have taken
left Winnipeg, he was lying "gasping" and
died, and did some hard fighting, as
the corps was at a low ebb; but, praise
God, he held on, did his duty, proved true,
and is now Capt. O'Neill, of Edmonton,
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PART OF THE CALGARY CORPS.

Bro. HENNER.	Bro. CHOUTON.	Bro. (now Capt.) ADAMS.	Bro. BALDY.
Staff-Capt. BOLTON.	Mrs. BOLTON.	Bro. BRIDON.	Bro. ROSE, R.C.
Sr. Mrs. HARKER.	Capt. LOWEY.	Lieut. KIRKEND.	Sr. Mrs. WERN.
Handwritten TORLONIA.	Sr. Mrs. MEIER.	Batman PHOT.	Sr. Mrs. HOBBS.
Bro. HANCOCK.	Bro. CHAS. HENK (now in glory).	Bro. HANCOCK.	Sr. Mrs. HOBBS.

the first of the three sisters of that name
who have done duty at this corps.
Staff-Capt. Grayson, of B. C. held a
week of special meetings at New Year, 1890.
Sergeant-Major and Sergeants were
commissioned, and at the Watch Night
service, fourteen souls sought pardon.
Among them was our hallooah! artist, col-
lect Thomas Clouston, from North-West
territories, who preached the Temple at To-
ronto, on the arrival of the Commandant.

His willingness and ability to act as
caretaker of the hall, and his attention to
the cleaning of the room, and making the
fire, is deserving of mention.

During Capt. Miller's stay, Lieut. Jarvis,
one of our mountain outposts, farwelled
for the field.

Capt. Henric and Lieut. Jennie Goodwin
followed, and did a good work. The earnest
loving warnings of Captain and Lieuten-
ant's sweet voice and guitar playing, are
still remembered. Among those converted
during their command were Brother Adams,
now a Captain at Hopedale, and soldier
Charles Jackson, our hallooah! rancher
and musical wonder.

He can play a little on a large number of
instruments; the organ, saxophone, ban-
jo, guitar, mouth organ and cornet, being
only among the number. He is now
expecting to get a lamp and practice it be-
fore he goes to heaven.

Our lately glorified comrade, Charles
Nantz, was also converted under Captain
Remie.

We also had visits from Staff-Captain
Mrs. Simon, who were exceedingly in ad-
vice of the French War, and received an
enthusiastic reception, and from Colonel
McKie, the Travelling Commissioner.

Capt. Lowry, assisted by Lieut. Kindred
and Cadet Emma Goodwin, were successful,
and Corps No. 283 was never in better
trim—spiritually, financially, and every
other way—than under her rule.

There wasn't very much of her, it is true,
but what was lacking in quantity was made
up in quality.

Pure Sanctified Girl's Day, Sir!

An instance of what faith such as
hers will accomplish, one morning she called
the soldiers at knee-drill that the Lord had
laid it in her heart to pray for ten souls.
We went in with all our might, and though
the meeting at night did not close till two
a.m. on Monday morning, it closed with
eleven souls seeking salvation. Among them
were soldier Tom Armstrong and Band-
master Herbert Thompson, who officers
have done so much towards forming a band in
this corps. Soldier Joseph Harwood, letter
known as "Sam," whose life-long friend
has already appeared in the War Cry col-
umns; Soldier Albert Smith and Brother
George Seaberry, were converted during
her command. The latter is an old-timer,
his history almost as old as the hallooah!
Miner, prospector, saloon-keeper, and now,
by the loving kindness of God, a soldier of
Jesus Christ.

He used to tell the boys who came
round selling the War Cry to go and
work, but times have changed, and last
Self-Denial Week George

Sold Sir CHRY'S Himself.

Staff-Capt. Bolton and his sweet-winded
wife paid us a week's visit. The holy
buddy-sniff just caught the Western

fancy, and if he ever comes West again,
there is a hearty smile waiting for him.
He knew how to beg, and in one meet-
ing he raised over \$200 in cash and con-
tributions, and the ball was not more than
two-thirds full.

The nucleus of a band was now started,
which is at the present, under the able
management of Bandmaster Thompson,
who takes both time and trouble with
becoming quite a success. Bandmaster
Matthew Hind has his first concert, and a
large assortment of new instruments have
been sent for.

The Harvest Festival on St. George's
Island in the Bow River was a tremendous
success, the proceeds being the third most
of all the corps in the Dominion.

A week's visit by the Captain to Fort
McLeod, resulting in ten seeking salvation,
and a good
sum towards
the fund.

Our present
leaders are
Captain Scott
and Lieut. KIRKEND.

Ready, two
able-bodied
officers, com-
bining both
quantity and
quality.

The number
of soldiers on the roll is sixty-two.

Among the only ones that has not
occurred at this corps is a hallooah!
wedding, but perhaps this record will
soon be broken. Anyhow, by the grace of

God, Calgary, the 28th Canadian corps,
intends to go on from victory into victory.
R. WILLIAM BROWN, R.C.

GRATEFUL.

Extracted from a letter received by
Ensign Goodwin from a convert two days
old—

DEAR OFFICERS,—First of all I want
to thank you both, and the soldiers as well,
as the instruments through whom God's
conversion. I want to tell you that I have no
doubt whatever that Jesus has accepted my
heart and life, and reunited my soul, and that
throughout the two days of my spiritual life
I have been realizing my Savior's gracious
promises of pardon, peace and joy in belief-
ing. I find unmistakable evidence that He
is with me.

I have made a clear and decisive stand for
Christ, and I believe that any power with a
heart washed from the world, and wholly
consecrated to Christ, may turn the world
upside down for Him. John Wesley did it,
and General Booth is doing it. I am deter-
mined that whatever talents God may have
given me, shall be put to use in His ser-
vice.

It is true that in the R. A. I find some
light, and hope that I will not prove ungrate-
ful for the unspeakable service they have
rendered me.

F. W. P.
White Summer Camps
Especially suitable for Soldiers. Only 10s. 6d.
Light - Comfortable - Cool!

Salvation Songs.

Consecration.

BY EDWARD G. MILLER, CHURCH.

Tune—Send another Pentecost.

- 1 Have you been saved from inbred sin?
Have you been sanctified?
And are you sure your heart is clean,
And in you Christ abides?

CHORUS.

Oh, give yourself to God to-day,
Your every idol bring!
Thou throw your heart's door open
wide,
And let the Lord come in.

A useful life you then will live,
When from all sin set free;
To save poor souls you will delight,
And happy you will be.

Put far away cold-heartedness,
Indifference as well,
And let your heart a temple be,
Fit for your Christ to dwell.

I Come to Thee.

BY SERGEY MAY LAKO, PETERSBURG.

Tune—British Land.

- 2 Dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee,
From every sin to be set free,
That I may always live to be
A faithful follower, Lord, of Thee.

CHORUS.

I come to Thee, I come to Thee,
Oh, make my life what it should be,
A copy, Lord, of Thine own self,
I wish to have done with earth's pelf,
Oh, make my life what it should be,
A perfect copy, Lord, of Thee.

I always want my life to be
A silent speaker, Lord, for Thee;
Oh, help me in this dark world shine,
That all around may know I'm Thine.

'Tis done, I feel within my soul
Thy blood just now does make me whole,
And when my trials here are o'er,
I'll dwell with Thee for ever more.

Glory Be to God.

BY HANNAH PARIZIA.

Tune—Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

- 3 Whence came this happy, singing
band,
We meet from day to day,
With noisy drum and flag in hand,
They're always in our way!

CHORUS.

Singing, glory, glory, glory be to God on high!

They say they're on their way to heaven,
And dare to tell it out,
Because their sins are all forgiven,
Is why they sing and shout.

Though doubting long God's power to keep
His people from their sins,
I'll doubt no more, down at His feet
My heart shall own Him King.

Wayfaring men, there's hope for all,
There's cleansing, power, and light,
In Jesus' blood, then at His call,
March onward in His might.

Joy and Freedom.

BY O. L. BEILLY, VICTORIA, B. C.

Tune—Yes, He gives me peace and pardon.

- 4 Come to Jesus now poor sinner,
Come and give up sin;
Leave the path that leads you downward,
And He'll take you in.

CHORUS.

Jesus gives the joy and freedom,
When Him our hearts we give;
Sinner, won't you love and serve Him,
Who died that you might live.

Yes, my Jesus will forgive you,
Endow His grace you will;
He will save and fully cleanse you,
If you'll give up sin.

Though the devil oft will tempt you,
And try to lead astray;
If you leave it all to Jesus,
He will give victory.

Salute!

Western Province.

THE COMMANDANT

— WILL —

INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

— OF THE —

North - West and British Columbia.

— THE COMMANDANT WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY —

BRIGADIER MARGETTS

— AND —

Ensign Smeeton

WINNIPEG,	Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon.	June 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Tuesday	June 20
CARBERY	Wednesday	June 21
NEEPAWA	Thursday	June 22
RAPID CITY	Friday	June 23
BRANDON	Saturday and Sunday	June 24, 25
REGINA	Tuesday	June 27
CALGARY	Wednesday and Thursday	June 28, 29
VANCOUVER	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 1, 2, 3
NEW WESTMINSTER	Tuesday and Wednesday	July 4, 5
NANAIMO	Thursday and Friday	July 6, 7
VICTORIA	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 8, 9, 10

FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

Sing Glory.

BY E. M. SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, BARRIE.

Tune—Sweetest name in mortal tongue.

5 I'm glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
That Jesus washed my sins away,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
I'll praise Him while I stay down here,
I'll praise Him more when I get there,
I'll praise Him with a voice more clear
In Glory, Glory, Glory.

My Jesus pleads His dying love,
In Glory, Glory, Glory,
Perhaps for me a home above,
In Glory, Glory, Glory,
When I leave this world below,
Straight to Glory I shall go,
Safe from misery and woe,
In Glory, Glory, Glory.

Let all the saints on earth unite
To sing the pleasing story
How He, by wisdom, love, and might,
Obtained for us the glory.
Let us unite to sing His praise,
When we get home we'll loudly raise
Our voice in everlasting lays
Of Glory, Glory, Glory.

Free.

BY MAJOR RAUCH.

Tune—Bright forever more. (B.J. 53)

6 Accept, dear Lord, my little store,
I owe it all to Thee,
For I was lost till Thou didst come
And set the captive free.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, to-day I'm free,
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me;
I'm travelling home, His face to see,
In the bright forever more.

I'm filled with wonder at the thought
That Christ should die for me,
A sinner born by birth and choice,
How, Saviour, can it be?

Oh, praise the Lord, the debt is paid,
My ransom'd soul is free,
For Jesus suffered in my stead
On dark Mount Calvary.

And when I came with all my guilt,
This only was my plea,
His blood was for the sinner spilt,
And Jesus died for me.

Then from my heart the burden rolled,
The darkness fled away;
Now in His strength I'm marching on
To everlasting day.

Happy.

BY MARCEL SCOTT, CUELLO.

7 *Tune—Oh, I'm glad I came to Jesus.*
Hallelujah, I am happy now, my sins
are all forgiven,
And I'll never see the devil any more;
For I've Jesus ever near, and His presence
it will cheer.

Till I reach that bright and happy
golden shore.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm glad I came to Jesus, for He took
my sins away,
He's washed me in His all-atoning blood,
He has given me new desires, and with
courage me inspires,
As I tread the narrow way that leads to
God.

When the fighting here is over, and the
victory is won,
In the furnace of temptation we've been
tried,
We shall see our blessed Saviour, and we'll
reign with Him forever.

In the happy time that's coming by
and-by.

Now, dear sinner, come to Jesus, He your
life will fill with joy,
Which the devil and the world cannot
destroy.

Then you'll see this blessed Saviour, and
you'll reign with Him forever,
If to His Cross for pardon you will fly.

Coming Events

BRIG. AND MRS. SCOTT,

ANNUNCIATED BY

Ensign McMillan and Capt. Watson,
WILL VISIT
DROCKVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, June 3, 4, 5.

BRIG. AND MRS. JACOBS

WILL VISIT

YARMOUTH, Friday, Saturday and Sun-
day, June 5, 6, 7.
ANAPOLIS, Monday, June 5.
LUNenburg, Tuesday, June 6.
LIVERPOOL, Wednesday, June 7.
BRIDGEWATER, Thursday, June 8.
KENTVILLE, Friday, June 9.
WINDSOR, Saturday and Sunday, June 10, 11.
HALIFAX 11, Monday, June 12.
TRURO, Tuesday, June 13.
NEW GLASGOW, Wednesday, June 14.
AMHERST, Thursday, June 15.

Staff-Captain Bolton

WILL HOLD

REVIVAL SERVICES

At the following places on the dates
mentioned:—

ST. THOMAS	June 1 to 7
STRATFORD	" 8 " 14
PALMERSTON	" 15 " 21

First-class Waltham Womans,
Dust Proof Brown Case, Gold Silver,
Full Set Jewels (Mark etc).

These are a few characteristics of our S.A. Watches. Price, \$15, and you will think it cheap when you have the watch a life-time.

Many Blue Print and Satcen
for Summer only: 125 cents per yard.

Turkey Red,
plain or twilled, 125 and 14 cents per yard.

OFFICERS!

Please note that all orders for goods must
be accompanied by cash, and if under \$1
must have sufficient surplus to cover postage.

Marching To War.

BY CAPT. PENNY, THE COVE, Nfld.

Tune—The soldier's war.

- 8 We're soldiers and marching to war,
We have vowed that we ne'er will give
o'er,
But fight for the right,
Put the devil to flight.

And battle for God we'll be more.
Some people they say we are mad,
But we ne'er can look gloomy or sad,
When we know we are saved,
And the dark door near,
While we are both happy and glad.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, we're off to the war,
All hail them before us while God's hosts
surround us;
Hurrah, hurrah, we're off to the war!
We'll live, fight and die in the salvation
war.

We're soldiers, and going to win,
Through the blood we shall conquer all sin;
Our flag, blood-and-fire,
We'll raise higher and higher,
And onward to Christ we shall bring.
We care not what critics may say,
We'll march and we'll sing and we'll pray.
Till sin shall give way,
Our Lord have them.

And the earth with His praises shall ring.

We're soldiers, we mean to be true
To the yellow, the red and the blue;
In Canada grand,
And in old Newfoundland
We mean to fight under them, too.
Our Saviour we mean to uplift,
The devil we aim for to hit;
Dear General, we'll too
Stand faithful to you,
While we after hall's legions pursue.